

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

VOL XXXI.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

NO 80.

SOCIETIES.

EXCURSIONS.

VERDI MILL CO.

HALL'S SAFES.

Amity Lodge, No. 8, K. of P.

THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF AMITY LODGE, NO. 8, K. of P. Knights of Pythias, are held in Masonic Hall, every Friday evening commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. All knights in good standing are fraternally invited to attend.

By order of the Chancellor Commander
S. J. HODGKINSON,
K. of P. & S.

I. O. O. F.

TRUCKEE LODGE, NO. 14, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet in their new hall, west side Sierra Street, near the Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, Nevada, every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Punctual attendance of members is requested. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

II. P. BROWN, N. S.

JOHN BROWN, Secretary

Reno Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.

THE State Convocations of Reno Chapter, No. 7, R. A. M., are held in Masonic Hall on the evening of the first Thursday in each month, commencing at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Sojourning Companions in good standing are fraternally invited to attend.

By order of the E. H. P.
W. L. DECHTEL, Secretary

A. O. U. W.

NEVADA LODGE, NO. 5, A. O. U. W., meets every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visit brothers cordially invited to attend.

W. M. CRONAN, M. W.
F. MORAN Recorder.

RENO, NEVADA



PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
Engraving and Watch Repairing
STANDARD TIME TAKEN BY TRANSIT

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL, - - - RENO, NEVADA
J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

G. NOVACOVICH H. J. BERRY

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND

CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

G. GILLING, President. W. S. BENDER, Vice Pres
Wm. Henry, Secretary First Natl Bank, Treasurer

RENO MILL & LUMBER CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Wood Turnings,

Windows, Doors, Blinds, Moldings,

Pickets, Shingles, Etc.

APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

\$3000 A YEAR!! I undertake to braise

any man who will work at it, and who can read and write,

and who after instruction, will work

independently, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year, and more, and

they live! I will also furnish the situation or employment, at

which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless success is attained. I will guarantee to pay you one dollar per week from each district or county.

I have already taught and provided with employment a large number,

who are making over \$1000 a month, and

more. Write me for full particulars. FREE.

A. C. ALLEN, Box 450, ALTA STA., NEV.

Principals from \$25 to \$50

per week, and, after a little experience, we can furnish you

an income that will teach you

how to live comfortably, and

wherever you live, both sexes all alike. We start you

now, can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information

FREE. TRUE & CO., ATLANTA, MAINE.

MONEY

Principals from \$25 to \$50

per week, and, after a little

experience, we can furnish you

an income that will teach you

how to live comfortably, and

wherever you live, both sexes all alike. We start you

now, can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information

FREE. TRUE & CO., ATLANTA, MAINE.

JOHN BROWN, SECRETARY

Daily Nevada State Journal.

C. C. POWNING, Editor and Proprietor.

The World's Fair Proclamation.

The following proclamation has been issued by the President:

WHEREAS, satisfactory proof has been presented to me that provision has been made for adequate grounds and buildings for the uses of the World's Columbian Exposition, and that a sum not less than \$10,000,000, to be used and expended for the purposes of said exposition, has been provided in accordance with the conditions and requirements of Section 10, of the Act entitled "An Act to provide for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus by holding an international exhibition of arts, industry, manufactures and the products of the soil, mine and sea, in the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois," approved April 25, 1890.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by said Act, do hereby declare and proclaim that such international exhibition be opened on the first day of May, in the year 1893, in the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, and will not be closed before the last Thursday in October in the same year, and in the name of the Government and of the people of the United States I do hereby invite all nations of the earth to take part in commemoration of an event that is prominent in human history, and of lasting interest to mankind, by appointing representatives thereto, and sending such exhibits to the World's Columbian Exposition as will most fitly and fully illustrate their resources, their industries and their progress in civilization.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

A MEMENTO.

The parchment, in the usual diplomatic form, was carried to the President shortly after midnight, December 24th, by S. A. Brown, Chief Clerk of the State Department, who is the functionary through whom these little formalities are carried on. The President was in his office, talking with Secretary Proctor on the Indian situation. The Secretary of War, Private Secretary Halford and Clerk Brown formed a little group around the President as he looked the paper over. He then, taking up a pen from the desk, affixed his signature, just as the clock indicated 1:30. The President, after making his signature, handed the pen to Halford, with the suggestion that perhaps Fred W. Peck, of Chicago, might desire it as a memento, and directed that it be mailed to Mr. Peck.

Seattle, Washington, was yesterday visited with the heaviest wind storm ever known there. Vessels in the harbor were torn from their moorings and tossed about like corks. Large trees, and the telegraph and electric wires were laid low, and all railroad travel was suspended. Many buildings were demolished. The damage will be heavy. George Bell, a wood-chopper, was crushed to death in his tent by a falling tree.

Ben Butler, in the course of his argument in the case of the United States vs. Carrie E. Johnson, stated that it was the last criminal case he will ever plead. It is somewhat of a blow to sentimentalists to know that the verdict was adverse to the old hero's client.

It is reported that Overman has struck a very rich streak of ore two feet thick near the Caledonia line on the south. The mine is said to be in a splendid condition for a long and prosperous run.

S. F. Chronicle: Buckley's lambs will soon be rivals of Snow, the Italian fater. They will have to live on faith for two years and they haven't any elixir to make the fast more endurable.

Alta: Big Foot has pledged his ample sole that he will fight no more, nor yet stop his great understanding against the suffering earth in the ghost dance.

The sunny skies and clear atmosphere of Nevada is a long ways beyond the fog and eight months' rainy weather of western Washington and Oregon.

Chicago spent Christmas in rejoicing over the signing of the World's Fair proclamation by the President.

A Detroit doctor has invented a consumption cure that bids fair to rival that of Dr. Koch.

Koch denies sympathetically that consumption is incurable.

A Bad Egg.

Nevada Transcript: Thomas Foley, a Tropicana tramp, after having spent 30 days in the county jail for indecent exposure, was released on Saturday last. In the evening, after filling himself up with fighting whisky, he started out to paint the town a bright red color. Policeman Monk found him on his beat and snatching him by the neck and the seat of his breeches, landed him in the calaboose. On Monday morning he was taken before Justice Wright and pleaded guilty of disturbing the peace. He was sentenced to 60 days in the county jail. While Marshal Neagle was taking him to his old quarters he said: "That sentence is what I call injustice. Why, men, they only sent me up for 60 days for petty larceny in Sacramento. When his present term expires he ought to be booted out of town."

Nick Smith, of Teasboro, the father of the triplets born recently, asks the Examiner if the Government gives a premium to the mother of "three at a time," to which the Monarch replies: "Triplets are their own reward. The population of the country is growing fast enough not to need Government encouragement by the offer of prizes."

"THE EVERGREEN STATE."

The Healthiest Infant in Uncle Sam's Family—Land of Promise and Plenty—Young Man, Go West, Where the Mossback Has Retired From the Race, and Push and Pluck Are the Only Traits Necessary for Financial Success.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 17, 1890.

Editor JOURNAL: In plain English language I cannot find words to flatter this country.

People make mistakes in comparing the growth of this region with that of Southern California. The latter went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. There are lots of rockets going up here but no sticks coming down. Los Angeles and San Diego were built up by boomers on a basis of chin music and "glorious climate."

Seattle and Tacoma grew up on their merits as natural commercial centers and carried up in the financial world with them the squatters who had settled along the shores of this inland sea.

The men who created the Southern California boom got out with their money before the crash. The men who were made millionaires by the growth of the Puget Sound country are here yet with their money. That's the difference. Money from abroad made Los Angeles and San Diego all lost; Seattle and Tacoma gave capital from abroad a chance to double and quadruple itself and it is here yet.

Many people who think they know all about the Sound country don't know that a large share of it was never seen by a white man until four or five years ago; still less do they imagine that another large portion of it has not yet been trodden by the foot of a white man. They don't know that the pine and fir forests of this country are equal in the quality of their timber to the world-famed ones of Michigan, and large enough in area to supply the world with lumber for half a century after Michigan's last trees have been felled. They don't know that as fine oak, maple, laurel, mahogany and other hard woods as can be found on the globe exists here in tracts of miles. They don't know that this section is furnishing two-thirds of the coal consumed on the Pacific coast, and that this coal comes from so few mines they can be counted on one's fingers, while the covered but undeveloped coal beds here exceed in extent those of Pennsylvania. They don't know that rich iron ore exists all over this country; that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid out for iron claims that never a drill has penetrated. They don't know that the fisheries of this region during the last year panned out \$600,000 and are yet in their infancy. They don't know that the hop lands of this country produce twice as large a crop to the acre as those of New York, of a quality equal to the German article. They don't know that it takes a bigger bin to hold the wheat grown on a Washington acre than any other sun shines on. They don't know that this is the home of temperate zone fruits, or that ten acres of Washington soil, seeded to potatoes and other vegetables yields better returns than 100 acres of Nevada alfalfa, and finally they don't know that three great transcontinental railroads were pushed through thousands of miles of desert to reach this land of plenty and that still another is coming this way as fast as money and men can make it. This is the land of promise if not the promised land.

"Go West" has been the proper caper proposed by provident papas to precocious sons since good old Horace Greeley asserted that it was a good scheme. Young America has ever been chasing the star of empire in the sun-down direction, until now he must rest here or become unpatriotic and jump over into British Columbia. But my observation has led me to the conclusion that right here on Puget Sound the most rustling rascals in America can find paying opportunities to engage his talents.

This is pre-eminently a young man's country, and here is where there is no limit to what he may make of himself. Take Seattle, for instance. Young men have practically built the new city. They are the merchants, professional men and capitalists of the town. While the ordinarily intelligent young man in Nevada would be working his way to paying teller in a bank the Seattle young man would become president of one; during the same time a Reno youth is serving a surveyor's apprenticeship a Seattle youth would own more land than the Reno boy could survey in a week. Why is this thus? Not because of any difference in the ability of the young men, but because of the difference in their opportunities. Here the all-inspiring fact of other young men's success furnishes the incentive that makes young men do and dare for themselves. There "it is the custom" for the young man to stand back and let the older men with most of the dollars get the rest of them.

This is a swift country and it takes a swift young man to keep up with it. The old mossbacks have found out that they can't keep up with the procession, so have stepped down and out. And the consequence is that instead of making money slowly but surely as is the nature of the animal, they are now making it just as surely and a great deal faster by letting the young men handle the ducats. And that's where the young man with push and brains, but without money gets his start.

The slow and sure way of doing business would have made Seattle at this time a city of probably 10,000 inhabitants. The streets would have been as nature designed them, the three-story house would

have been lonesome, horse-cars would have meandered along the streets, gas lamps would have flickered at irregular intervals along the same, an occasional stramer would have been unloaded by means of lighters, and a six-column folio daily, would have contained all the news of the town. That would have been the work of mossbacks.

But how different is the reality. Forty-six thousand people to-day call Seattle home. Hundreds of miles of streets are graded, and planked and lighted with thousands of arc and incandescent electric lights. Over fifty miles of well constructed electric and cable roads traverse these streets, and as many more miles are being constructed, Seattle has more fine buildings to-day than San Francisco, and a dozen blocks of four to eight stories are being constructed, and as fast as building leases on smaller structures expire hundreds of other buildings of like magnitude will be reared on lots worth \$10,000 a front foot. Scores of small and dozens of ocean steamers deposit freight on miles of well-built docks and carry away the products of this rich country to the four corners of the earth, and four eight-page daily newspapers are kept busy telling the people of the world what is transpiring in this corner of Uncle Sam's dominions. This is the work of young men, the result of a policy of progress.

Seattle is only an example of what other towns in the State will eventually be. When Seattle gets as large as San Francisco Tacoma will be as large as Seattle now is; Fairhaven, Port Townsend, Sehome, Whatcom, Anacortes and a dozen other towns will have reached Tacoma's present size, and as many more towns will have reached their dimensions. A bird's-eye view of Washington or more particularly the Sound part of it at present would present the appearance of a great forest dotted at long distances apart by towns.

Twenty years from now passengers will look down from railroads in the air upon the same country, and it will look like one great city, the streets and parks of which will be the most fertile farms on earth. Then this country will be sending coal to Newcastle, N. S. W., furniture to Grand Rapids, Mich., iron to Philadelphia, fruit to California, wheat to Minnesota, cotton and tobacco to the Southern States and manufacture all sorts of goods for the rest of the world.

GORDON A. RICE.

THE QUEEN'S LATEST OFFER.

A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

The Browning Society Still Lives.

The flyaway squibs on the decline of Boston interest in Browning that have appeared in certain papers—chiefly in the funny columns—could not be better refuted, if they were worthy of refutation at all, than by the gathering of Browning lovers at the Hotel Brunswick. Over 150 members of the Boston Browning society came together in the large parlor of the Brunswick for the first meeting of the society after its summer recess, and had an interesting and enthusiastic meeting. There was a brief business meeting at which eight new members were elected.

The society has taken up for its entertainment and study this winter the great poet's longest and most elaborate work, "The Ring and the Book."—Boston Advertiser.

Pulled a Tooth for a Princess.

Dr. William C. Boswell, a young and skillful dentist, who, coming from Baltimore, located in London last spring, had the honor of pulling a tooth from the royal mouth of the fair Princess Maud of Wales last week. It was a wisdom tooth and it hated to let go. The princess screamed like a locomotive. Dr. Boswell got £10 (\$50) for the job, and of course the advertisement is a priceless one. As for the royal tooth, the doctor has mounted it and enshrined it in a velvet case.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its virtue is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Feb. 21st—Y.

Weather Report for Dec. 26th.

Ogden—Clear, calm; 35 degrees above zero.

Well—Clear, calm; 30 degrees above zero.

Eiko—Clear, calm; 26 degrees above zero.

Battle Mountain—Clear, west wind; 32 degrees above zero.

Winnemucca—Clear, calm; 20 degrees above zero.

Reno—Clear, calm; 35 degrees above zero.

Summit—Cloudy, calm; 31 degrees above zero.

Rewarded

Everybody is who go and inspect the Christmas crockery and glassware, vases, gift-cups and painted china at Large & Schmitz's. Sold at cost until New Year's day.

Postoffice Removal.

The Postoffice will be removed to-morrow to its new quarter in the First National Bank Annex on Second street.

Men and Horses Fall 110 Feet.

James Wilson and John Martin, residing near Edgewood, went to New Albany recently to procure a coffin in which to bury James Routh. On their return from the city the heavy rain storm came up, and the sky became so dark that they were unable to see the road ahead of them, and they trusted to their horses to take them safely along the dangerous highway.

At the point where the storm overtook them the road winds around the high hills, and in many places passes near high precipices. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and it was only when the lightning flashed they were enabled to see the road at all.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a deafening peal of thunder, which stunned the men and seemed to stagger the horses. Before they could recover from the shock the horses and wagon fell over a precipice, and all went down a distance of 110 feet. Some men who were passing heard the cries of distress and went to their assistance. They found the men and the horses were both smashed to pieces.

The men were gotten out of the place and taken to their homes. Wilson is the most seriously injured, and it is thought he cannot live. Martin's injuries are of a serious nature, and his recovery is a matter of considerable doubt.—Louisville Commercial.

What It Costs to Live in a Hotel.

The boarding house habit seems to be continually on the decrease in New York and new restaurants spring up in every direction. As soon as a new hotel with gorgeous appointments is opened hundreds of the curious in matters gastronomic gather to dine. As soon as a fashionable ten story apartment house is opened there are scores of families eager to pay high rates for its shelter. The hotels this season are unusually crowded and prices for permanent lodgings are enormous. A man of my acquaintance recently asked the proprietor of a well known hotel on Fifth avenue what would be the price per week to himself and his family—four persons in all—for a moderate sized suite of rooms. The price named was nearly \$200 a week. That was an old established house, however. The new ones are charging less for the purpose of having all apartments occupied before May 1, when new contracts with lodgers will be made.—New York Star.

The Guard boys are busy decorating the Pavilion for their ball New Year's Eve.

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Child Suicides.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter is authority for the statement that from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 1890, 62 children—46 boys and 16 girls—committed suicide in Berlin. Of this number 24 had attained the age of 13, 14 their 14th year, 9 their 13th, while 7 were only 12 years of age and 1 had not attained the age of 7. In most of the cases the immediate cause for the act remains a secret, but it is supposed to have been due to exceptional severity on the part of servants or teachers.

The Troubles with a Pipe.

The rise in cigars is producing a resort to the pipe. The smoker will probably reconcile himself to the difference, but the one behind the smoker will lament the change. When you smell a cigar you smell that cigar only. When a pipe flavor you it gives you not only itself but a feeling reminiscence of all its predecessors.—Exchange.

Respectable Poverty.

Miss Baque Bey—I understood you to say, mamma, that the Emersons were wealthy.

Mrs. Baque Bey—Are they not?

Miss B. B.—I should say not. Everybody at church today had on new fall spectacles, except Miss Emerson. She wore her summer glasses.—Cape Cod Item.

A Turtle Steals a Cotton Mill.

The Barnard mill was stopped for an hour or so Monday. The machinery was all right, but a curious mud turtle had wandered up the feeding pipe of the engine, causing a cessation of work.—Fall River Globe.

Cai Bono.

Amateur Phonographer—What do you think? I have become so expert that I can catch a cannon ball in its flight.

Lawman—No use. There's no money to baseball nowadays.—Good News.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

F. LEVY & BRO.

TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF
OUR GREAT PREMIUM SALE,
OF our New Stock
OF
DRY GOODS and CLOAKS.
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.
F. LEVY & BRO., Reno, Nevada.

For Carson.

Pioche Record: Lieutenant Governor elect J. P. Joujard expects to leave on Monday next with his family for Carson to assume the duties of his new office. Mr. Joujard though required to live at Carson

Daily Nevada State Journal.

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
19¢ CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Skates at Lange & Schmitt's.
Clem Lemery is on watch again.
Scarlet fever is prevalent at Elko.
A. O. Porter is getting along finely.
There seems to be a storm brewing.
D. H. Haskell was in town yesterday.
There are thirty cases of scarlet fever at Elko.
Mrs. A. E. Cheney has arrived from Eureka.

J. M. Rhodes came in from Long Valley yesterday.
The Gilroy, Cal., cannery was burned Thursday night.

A H. Manning has finished moving into his new quarters.

The beef market is dull, and buyers are apparently scarce.

Lotta, the actress, will be here next month—the 27th.

C. W. Jones came up from tide water yesterday morning.

N. D. Mussey passed through R no yesterday for Wadsworth.

And the children are still happy, and thinking of Santa Claus.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis returned from the bay yesterday morning.

A severe snow-storm yesterday raged throughout the Eastern States.

Miss Jennie Torreyson came over from Carson yesterday to visit Reno friends.

The Riverside Social Club party last night was all right, and the members were in.

Webster Dorsey, of Elko, who spent Christmas in Reno, went below Thursday night.

Mrs. Webster Dorsey, of Elko, who has been stopping in Reno a few days, went below last night.

Chancellor Derby is looking after the holiday turkeys and other good things at his Glendale ranch.

D. H. Haskell, Southern Pacific town-site agent, arrived from San Francisco on yesterday morning's overland.

Go to Lange & Schmitt for heating stoves, cook stoves, ranges and house furnishing goods. Largest variety and best values."

Mr. Mitchell, the carpenter, is building a handsome fence in front of his residence on Stevenson street, Powning's Addition.

The Weekly Journal of to-day is a beautiful double sheet, containing 56 columns. It is the last number under the present management.

Hon. Thos. Menary, of Gold Hill, is mentioned for Speaker of the Assembly. He would make a splendid presiding officer, and a just and impartial Speaker.

In the District Court yesterday Judge Cheney overruled the motion of non-suit in the Spours, vs. S. F. R. R. case and the day was spent in the examination of witnesses.

Mr. Lewis, Special Agent of the War Department, who has been up at Bidwell examining affairs at that Post, returned to Reno yesterday. He thinks Reno a good place for a military post for all this section of country.

Two new cottages are in course of construction on the south side, below the house occupied by E. Crane. Chas. Woods and a Mr. Cohn are the owners. And thus does Reno grow.

A. B. Williams yesterday purchased a block of twelve lots from Ward and Evans for \$3,000, and in the Spring will build a new home. The block purchased is located on Sixth street, near Balston.

W. G. Craighead, an old resident of Elko county, died at Tuscarora Monday of chronic gout. Deceased was a pioneer of Nevada and was at one time in the early days shot-gun messenger of Wells, Fargo & Co.

Thursday morning's overland carried ex-Chief Justice O. R. Leonard who was on his way to Ogden and Salt Lake, in one of which places he, in company with J. H. MacMillan, of Winnemucca, will open a law office.

Truckee Republican, Dec. 24th: Prosser Creek commenced storing ice yesterday morning, the thickness ranging from twelve to thirteen inches. They will store about 2,500 tons daily so long as the weather continues favorable.

General O. W. Booton has leased for 90 days the store under the Gazette office lately vacated by A. H. Manning, from which place he will soon commence the sale by auction of an immense stock of boots, shoes, clothing and dry goods.

Carson Appeal: Last evening a man named Henderson, said to be just out of the State Prison, grabbed a piece of jewelry out of a Chinawoman's ear and made off with it, followed by a mob of Mongols. A general scuffle ensued and the police took a hand and arrested the thief.

W. O. H. Martin and wife entertained some friends at Christmas dinner and in the evening the elegant interiors of the handsome residence were made more beautiful by the sight of a home Christmas tree and the joy and pleasure of the children. Among those present to enjoy the affair were Judge Bigelow and family, G. W. Baker and family, Webster Dorsey and family, J. R. Bradley and family, Mrs. Dr. Thoma, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wines and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Powning.

RENO.

A Good Place to Stick to—The Most Enterprising Town of its Size on the Coast—A Place With a Future.

Business is unusually quiet at Reno—the financial stress all over the country and the loss the cattle industry of the State suffered last Winter are readily discernable as the causes. Yet while business is not lively, it is a period of rest, rather than of depression. The business houses are making more than current expense, and all look forward to good times shortly. The condition of business here is healthier than in a great majority of the towns and cities throughout the country, which is testified to by the number of failures every day elsewhere. It is a general financial stress the country is undergoing; coming at unwarrented times in the life of every nation and from no appreciable cause.

Reno is not idle, however, even now, but growing all the time. The sound of the hammer and saw is heard from all directions, and new and often elegant residences are building day by day. Men of wealth and influence are concentering here from other sections, who thus evince a confidence in the future of the place. One who has visited the other towns of the coast of equal size, finds in none the push, enterprise and general prosperity that is here evinced. Reno has advantages that no other place outside of the large cities of the coast can boast of.

We have educational facilities that are not excelled elsewhere in the west. A thoroughly graded public school system, with a fine building and an able and efficient corps of instructors. Mount St. Mary's Academy, a school under Catholic supervision, that has won a reputation of excellence not confined to this locality. Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls, an institution that receives pupils from half a dozen surrounding States and Territories, and lastly the State University of Nevada, a college that is daily gaining ground, and on the Pacific Coast is second only to Berkeley University. Connected with the University is a Normal school and Agricultural college, besides the various other schools such as the School of Mines, of Liberal Arts, etc.

Reno has a fine Opera House that cost \$30,000, and which is conceded to be one of the handsomest and best arranged outside of San Francisco or the coast.

The streets are lighted by gas and electricity. The business blocks are substantial structures, while Reno has more than her quota of elegant residences. Many of these cost between \$10,000 and \$15,000. Gen. C. W. Booton is putting up a residence on the corner of Center and Fourth streets that is estimated will cost \$10,000 when completed, and several other buildings of lesser value are in process of construction.

A large brick wool ware-house is being built where sheep men may store their wool, and it is possible that a wool-scouring plant may be built within the coming twelve months. Reno is the best situated of any town on the coast for a woolen mill, and one will be in operation before many years. It is the center of one of the largest wool-growing sections of the coast; has an unsurpassed water-power, and only waits the time when capital will make the desired investment.

The extensive farming industry about Reno; the stimulus given to local enterprises by efficient silver legislation; the certainty of a successful solution of the water storage question, and the advantages derived from her other resources, all point to the one conclusion, that Reno is a place with a future.

A Straight Tip.

All who were at the Opera House last night caught the fever of the tip and straight through the performance keenly enjoyed everything that was said and done, unanimously pronouncing Powers a brick of the regular free coinage style. Emma Hanley, as his Kitty, was a sweet aid and comfort. Peter F. Daly was exceedingly good as Jack Pot-sand Poole, the sporty boy, while John Sparks and Richard Gorman, the old three times losers, were in it from beginning to end. There was nothing the matter with F. T. Ward, who personated the character of a tramp. He looked exactly like Bill Nye, and was very funny. Albert Hart was an actor in hard luck, but did well. Emily Stowe, as Dennis' sister, sustained her part, but Eloise Mortimer, Lilla Linden and Maggie Garrett, as the butterflies were really pleasing and delightful necessities. The two former were very little and graceful, as well as high kickers. Miss Garrett also danced splendidly, and made a very pleasing impression upon the audience. The others who took part were exceedingly clever, and the entire performance gave the utmost satisfaction.

For Mud Lake.

Thursday morning a party consisting of Mr. Geo. E. Arnold, Mr. Fred Frey, the Misses Frances and Annie Frey, Mrs. Loder, Miss Echo Loder and others, left on the overland train for Wadsworth from which place they will go by carriage to Mud Lake to spend a week in fishing. This is said to be the best time of the season to fish in either Pyramid or Mud lakes, the trout having come down from Tahoe and Webber in great numbers, and are easily caught. The only drawback is the cold nights.

Geo. W. Rutherford, formerly of the Austin Review, will take charge of the editorial department of the Silver State next week as permanent editor. After the 1st of January the price of the Silver State will be \$6 per annum.

A ROMANCE SPOILED.

Moral Is That Young Women Should Deal Discreetly with Their Fiances.

A charming romance comes to light over in the unromantic city of Brooklyn. It appears that not long ago a teacher in one of the schools for children set them to writing compositions, of which she herself was to be the subject—that is, the scholars were told they might write out their impressions of their teacher.

One of these essays, of peculiar literary excellence for a small child, drifted, in some way, into one of the Brooklyn papers, which in its turn fell into the hands of a young dentist in one of the growing towns in Montana. The description of the teacher's charms so captured his fancy and fired his imagination that he was moved to write a letter, addressed to her in care of the paper which published the composition. In due time the letter reached her hands. She answered it, and a brisk correspondence soon sprung up, with an exchange of photographs and confidences, which resulted in the formation of an engagement.

The marriage date was set, and shortly before the month containing the wedding day arrived the young dentist received a letter from his fiancee, in which she said that she had one more important fact to reveal to him, namely, that while her picture represented her as being a young woman of some personal charms, she considered it only frank to tell him that her beauty was marred by very defective teeth, which, she naively added, could easily be repaired after their marriage without any great expense.

Whether the young woman's physical defect or her business enterprise destroyed the young man's ideal is not definitely known, nor is it really known at present that the marriage is positive; declared off, but it certainly is positive as if it were, for three times since the receipt of that letter has the skittish young dentist written to postpone the ceremony, and the young woman is consequently obliged to keep altering the fashion of her wedding gown in order that her trousseau may very properly represent the latest modes—a privilege which every bride is certainly entitled to.

This fable teaches, or should teach, that a young woman should manage her matrimonial arrangements with discretion as well as with frankness.—New York Evening Sun.

Plot of Women in Bologna.

Bologna was in an uproar a short time ago in consequence of the violent street demonstrations of the 2,000 women employed in the arsenal there. The government had just ordered 21,000,000 cartridges, and in the midst of the resulting hurry and bustle several women threw about explosives with the greatest carelessness. A young woman superintendent reported this, and the careless women were discharged. The superintendent had already earned the hatred of the women under her by her pretty face and popularity with the officers.

The discharge of the woman she had reported for disciplining brought this hatred to a white heat, and a conspiracy was formed to lynch her. The officers in charge of the arsenal discovered the plot and gave the pretty superintendent a guard of ten policemen, who watched over her night and day. All the women in the arsenal then went on a strike and marched up and down the streets, shouting, stoning, every one they met, and usually bringing up before the pretty superintendent's house. Whenever the superintendent appeared in the street the women were after her with clubs and stones, and were fought back in hand-to-hand tussles with her escort of policemen.

At night the women painted the town till the last Bolognese was aroused and brought to his window with loud demands for peace. The government finally listened to these demands, and had the streets kept clear at night by a company of soldiers. Although most of the women have since returned to work, the plot against the fascinating superintendent is still on, and she attends to her duties only under the guard of her ten policemen.

Mrs. Mona Caird.

Mrs. Mona Caird is a woman who is a lover of jewels and fashions and dainty draperies, open to all aesthetic influences. Her drawing room in London reflects her quaint and original taste in its arrangements, its invitingingle nooks and the odd windows over the mantel. The "den" in which she writes tries out against its name. It is a marvel of white enamel and delicate tintings, even the book cases and the pretty writing desk showing the fleckless finish.

Here she has a special drawer for the manuscripts of her new books, "One That Wins," "Whom Nature Ledeth" and "The Wing of Azrael." Mr. Caird proclaims himself ready to maintain against all the world that his wife makes the best cup of tea in London. She is a pretty figure while serving it, clothed in a long, falling house robe in tints of pink and gold. Her soft, heavy brown hair, waving low on her forehead; the dainty cups and saucers, fragile as egg shells, seem fitter burdens than sociological treatises for her fingers.—London Cor. Chicago News.

One of New York's Poetesses.

That dear puritan of song, Edith Thomas, though born in Ohio, comes of the truest, bluest New England blood. The elder of a widow's two daughters, her bringing up was of the simplest, but nowhere in all the land will you find a woman with more of fineness and charm of manner. She is tall and slight, with a longish, oval face, bright dark eyes that see visions and dream dreams, a pale, clear skin and jet black hair. For several years now her home has been in New York, where she is a very great favorite with some of the most exclusive circles. Mrs. Vincenz Botta has been her social fairy godmother. Want of time and strength, though, keep Miss Thomas from going out very much. She is a close student, a very hard worker, and under all her fame as a poet keeps the fresh heart of a child.—Epoch.

Central Nevadan: Those who intend to make an exhibit at the World's Fair should see Commissioner Russell while he is here and gain desired information. He is doing all in his power to arouse State pride, and have everybody take an active part in seeing that Nevada makes a creditable show.

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PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

GREAT HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT!

—A CHOICE DISPLAY AT—

THE PALACE

Dry Goods and Carpet House.

We take pleasure in informing our customers and the public in general that our stock of HOLIDAY GOODS is now complete. Our importations for this season have by far exceeded those of the past years, and we are now prepared to exhibit the choicest collection of NOVEL and USEFUL Dry and Fancy Goods ever shown in Reno.

Our Prices are Always the Lowest!

Our Stock the Finest!

Handkerchiefs! Handkerchiefs!

Special care in the selection of handkerchiefs has placed us in a position to offer a large variety of the newest designs at the following prices: 5 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents, 20 cents, 25 cents, 35 cents, 50 cents, \$1, \$1 25 and upward. Ladies' Homespun Initial Handkerchiefs, per box 75 cents and \$1 50. Ladies' White and Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, from 5 cents to \$1 50 each. Ladies' Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, in white and colors, Embroidered, from 25 cents to \$1 50 each. Gent's colored bordered and hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1 50 each. Gent's Japanese, Finest quality Silk Hemstitched and Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, \$1 00. Silk Mufflers at \$1 50, \$1 75, \$3 each.

OUR HOLIDAY GLOVES,

Kid Gloves of the Very Best Makes and suitable for Christmas presents to ladies, in the most desirable shades.

Our Exhibit of Fans

Embraces about everything in that line and some of them can be seen in one of our windows. Prices are: 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1, \$1 50, \$2, \$2 50, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$7, \$10. A beautiful gift to a young lady.

OUR CHRISTMAS DRESS PATTERNS AND ROBES.

Our stock of Dress Goods, Silks, Failles, Plushes, etc., will enable any one to select one of the prettiest and most useful presents that can be made to a lady.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

Russian Hare Victorines and Muffs.

Fire Lynx Victorines and Muffs,

Real Arctic Hare Victorines and Muffs.

Fine Chinchilla Victorines and Muffs.

Our Stock of Cloaks, Wraps, and Jackets in Cloth and Seallette.

Has been replenished and contains beauties in style and workmanship. Can there be anything nicer or more useful as a Christmas present?

The assortment of Carpets, Linoleum, Window Shades and Wr'l Paper is complete.

"A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to All."

This Palace Dry Goods House

Country Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

THE WHITE HOUSE ADVERTISEMENT.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE PEOPLE?

They're All Right, You Bet.

Because they buy their Clothing and Furnishing Goods at the

White House.

WHITE HOUSE,
The only place in Reno where they can get first-class goods at reasonable prices. We are displaying a complete assortment of—
Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Hats, Blankets, etc.

To the Holiday trade we offer a Beautiful Line of..

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, NECK WEAR and Other HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

THE WHITE HOUSE,

ABRAHAMS BROS. Prop.

19 Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

Branch Store, 109 Main Street,
Walla Walla, Washington.

W. S. BENDER,
Prop.

A BORN ECONOMIST.

Our little Bess has been brought up
In a manor that's modest;
And yet she does indulge in flights
Of fancy just the oddest.

Mamma, of course, has taught the tot
Ideas economic;
But Bess applies them in a way
That's oftentimes truly comic.

One summer eve when Venus shone
While still the daylight dallied,
A queen altho' the sun's fierce kiss
Had left her slightly pallid.

We saw that, tho' the rest all gazed—
Alot in admiration,
Bess' dainty little features wore
A look of depreciation.

"A penny for your thoughts," said I.
Then gravely spoke our girl;
"I think they're so vagabond in heaven
To light a lamp so early!"

—Exchange.

A MYSTERY.

"Did you ever bump up against an individual who baffled your curiosity by drawing a veil of secrecy over his past?" queried the young doctor, when it came his turn to contribute a story to the general fund. "I used to think," he continued, "that such character emanated solely from the fertile brain of the fiction writer. But I was mistaken. Not many years since I formed the acquaintance of a man who was harder to make out than the most ingenious creation of a novelist could possibly be. A regular human enigma in short, and he wasn't obliging enough, you know, to clear up the mystery before he died either."

"It was early in the '80's," began the doctor, lighting a cigar, "and I had just finished my medical studies and was trying to pick up a little practice in a pleasant village in the southern part of Wisconsin. Business didn't flourish by any means, but as I had friends there, and was too poor, besides, to think of establishing myself in a large city, I was very well content to remain there, for a while at least."

"There were several churches in the town, but at the time of which I speak the Congregational pulpit was empty. Numerous applications for the position appeared, but none suited until at last one of the trustees arrived home after a short trip and announced that he had found the very person. A Rev. Mr. Ramsay it was whom he had run across quite accidentally, and who, though traveling for his health, had finally consented to come out and preach a trial sermon and to remain indefinitely if his hearers were pleased."

"Well, in due time Mr. Ramsay arrived and delivered a discourse which, for eloquence and logic, I have never heard excelled. You may be sure the church lost not a moment in engaging him, and they marveled much at their good luck, wondering that so talented a man should wish to stay and bury his gifts in such a small, obscure town.

"The new acquisition speedily arose to the place of first favorite in the ranks of the ministers. His sermons fairly scintillated with brilliancy, and we soon found that he certainly possessed a remarkably fine education in the bargain. Though he never spoke of the past, his conversation gave evidence of his having traveled extensively in pretty much every country on the face of the globe. Moreover he was young, and such a genial, warm-hearted fellow that everybody liked him at first sight. They couldn't help it."

"But, as I said, he never alluded to his former life. For aught we knew he might have been a bishop or a highwayman, an American gambler, or the son of an English duke, but the church members were too proud of the prize they had captured to be very curious about the previous record, and the touch of mystery clinging to him only rendered him more attractive to us. For my part, I thought the strangest thing concerning him was that he seemed never to hold communication with anybody outside the town. A fellow so engaging and companionable must have made friends wherever he went, and yet so long as we knew him he didn't receive one letter or telegram from abroad—not a single message of any kind.

"At least, that is what the postmaster and the depot agent said, and these officials keep track of such things in little towns, you had better believe."

"Ramsay and I got to be quite intimate after a while, and many were the walks and talks we enjoyed together. But he wasn't any more confidential with me than he was with others, and of course I asked no questions. Only once did he say something which might be construed as bearing upon the secret I was convinced that he had. It was in this way:

"Ramsay had dropped into my office, and we fell to conversing about hereditary disease. It grew out of some cases I was treating then. I don't remember what. Ramsay in his brilliant, earnest fashion began to inveigh against people who married and brought into the world children cursed with the seeds of some dreadful malady.

"Let me tell you a story," he said, "and it will show you how many lives may be ruined by one such deed. The facts came to my knowledge years ago. Once there was a boy—never mind his name—who, his friends said, showed exceeding great promise in his youth. His mother, a widow, seemed utterly wrapped up in him. She traveled with him in foreign lands, sent him to the finest schools and spared neither pains nor expense to improve the talents nature had bestowed upon him. He was hopeful and happy, and one thing only troubled him—he used often to wonder about his father, whom he couldn't remember, and his mother was reticent upon that point and replied to all his questions scantily and vaguely."

"They were living in England at the time, having come there from America after the father's death, and being in easy circumstances financially the future looked very bright and glowing indeed.

"In due time the young fellow graduated from the university with high honors, and soon after became engaged to a beautiful girl. He had long been

destined to enter the ministry—a work for which his taste and abilities best fitted him—and immediately upon his marriage he was to settle down in charge of a parish at some distance from his home. The boy was at one drawback to happiness. His mother, although she consented to the betrothal, did not seem to feel the pleasure in it that he could have wished. But he put it all down to her grief at the prospect of parting with him, and preparations for the wedding went on in the merriest fashion.

"But one morning there was an alarm. The mother was missing—had disappeared in a very unaccountable and mysterious manner. All the day they searched for her and just at night my hero, passing through some woods in a secluded part of the grounds, found her lying face downward in a shallow little pool of water there.

"Drowned herself during temporary aberration of the mind" was the verdict, and then it was the young man learned that insanity had been for generations back a hereditary trait in his mother's family. Then, also, was he told the real truth about his father, and he found that father was not dead, but was incarcerated in a private hospital in America—violently, hopelessly mad.

"Well, you can understand how he felt, or, rather, you can't comprehend it. The girl he loved was true to him, but how could he marry her knowing what he did? Even if the lunacy slumbered in his veins it would surely awaken to curse their children. So he left her, and almost crazed with sorrow himself sailed for America where he still remains. A little while ago he heard that his betrothed was dead—killed by the double shock of his disappearance and his mother's fearful and untimely end.

"Can you wonder," continued Ramsey in a tone of subdued passion, "that a species of bitterness often mingles, half unconsciously, with his sorrow for his parents? And is it strange that he feels almost as if they had committed a crime in bringing him into existence, knowing as they did that he must performe be dowered with the fatal, inevitable family curse?"

"This tale made a strong impression in my mind," the young doctor resumed. "At first I seriously questioned if Ramsey wasn't himself the hero of it, and though his apparent gayety led me to dismiss that thought, still I couldn't help feeling that the events he narrated had in some way produced a lasting effect in his life.

"Well, matters were quite tranquilly on for a year or so, and Mr. Ramsay grew in the popular favor all the while. He was a liberal fellow, and his sermons were frequently rather unorthodox, but his flock worshiped him to such an extent that if he had dosed them with atheism they wouldn't have grumbled a bit. The girls were in love with him, every single one of them, but never did they find the way to his heart. He resolutely declined to be drawn into flirtation, though he made himself agreeable to all the damsels, taught them German, played tennis and escorted them to picnics with a gay impartiality very provoking to the sensibilities of the poor, anxious young creatures.

"One morning as I sat in the drug store talking Ramsay happened in and purchased a package of rat poison. He mentioned casually that the mice were bothering him, and stood a moment gossiping with careless good humor and then went out.

"That night the deacon with whom he was boarding came hurriedly to my office to summon me. Rev. Mr. Ramsay was taken very suddenly ill. I put on my hat and coat and went to him at once, and somehow before I'd reached his bedside it flashed over me that he had swallowed the poison I saw him buy in the morning. The moment I entered the room I knew that it was so.

"He lingered three days, suffering horribly, but not a word would he say as to the motive of his deed. Before he died he showed me a photograph he wore upon his bosom—the picture of a young woman and a child, each very beautiful and very like the other. And he asked

that it be buried with him, and so it was. The church gave him a most imposing funeral and erected a fine monument over his grave, and they have never ceased, I believe, to mourn their mysterious but dearly beloved minister. For a long while they sought to find the secret of his life, but the minutest inquiries failed to reveal a single fact. With characteristic forethought he had destroyed his papers, leaving nothing that would throw light upon his former history.

"I often recall him even now," added the young doctor, "and I can't help wondering if he was not the hero of the strange tale he told me. And in that case was he insane when he killed himself, or did he do it because of grief for his betrothed? Who then was the child whose portrait he wore upon his breast?

"Sometimes I fancy that he had committed an offense which made him a fugitive from justice and led him at last to take his own life in remorse. The remembrance of his open face and kindly, sympathetic manner makes this seem impossible, and yet in this strange world, where people are such curios, contradictory mixtures of good and evil, who can tell?"—Buffalo Express.

Teaching School in Switzerland.

Gymnastics, by the way, are taught in every Swiss school, and a proper gymnasium with all its belongings is attached to every school house. The Swiss seminaries for the preparation of teachers are open to both sexes, and some of the best teachers in the public schools are ladies, though the number engaged is very small, perhaps not 10 per cent. of the whole. Their pay, too, absurd though it seems, is some 80 per cent. less than that of male teachers. There are no young, inexperienced girls teaching in the schools, and no young men using the school desk while waiting for something better to turn up. School teaching is a serious business there, and the calling of a lifetime.—S. H. M. Byers in Harper's.

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In due time the young fellow graduated from the university with high honors, and soon after became engaged to a beautiful girl. He had long been

FIRE EATERS' TRICKS.

HOW THE SALAMBOS PERFORM THEIR WONDERFUL FEATS.

Very Easy After You Know the Way It Is Done—The Mouth and Skin Are Protected by a Solution of Sulphur and Alum—Gas Is Generated from Gasoline.

Among the various methods of earning your bread by the sweat of your brow, fire eating is one that would seem but few people would adopt as a means of livelihood. But for years and years people with cast iron palates and crazed plated lips and tongues have exhibited their peculiar abilities for a stipend. At the present time in this country there are half dozen men and women who go about from dime museum to variety hall and from variety hall to a "store show" and astonish the natives. All these people do seemingly the most wonderful things, and as the business is difficult to learn their numbers are limited.

The present corps of fiery entertainers have, however, been lately augmented by a brother and sister, whose ability in that line puts everything in the shade ever seen here. They are known on the bills as Earle and Ollie Salambos, and are further dignified for show purposes as the "Human Electrical Dynameters." The Salambos touch each other with their fingers and produce sparks; they open their mouths and a stream of flame two feet long issues from them if they but touch their lips with the ends of their fingers; they swallow boiling wax and blow sparks—showers of sparks from the end of a hollow glass tube; they take a gas pipe with four gas jets on it, and by the simple process of putting an end in the mouth and drawing their hands across the gas jets four good sized flames burst into brilliancy.

NOW THE TRICKS ARE DONE.

It was only steady practice and constant coating of their mouths and hands and soles of their feet with a solution, and the business was comparatively easy and they really did not swallow anything at all. Each performer has his own recipe for the solution he drinks and rinses his mouth and hands with, but the principal ingredients of it in each case remain the same. When the mouth is rinsed out in that it forms a sort of an artificial skin or film that it takes a little while to destroy, and as long as that coating remains there is absolutely no danger, and the rest of their wonderful tricks are nothing but a delusion and in most cases slight of hand.

There is one performer who is known in museum circles as the "Human Lamp," and he makes lots of money by doing this act. He drinks some kerosene oil in view of the audience, puts a wick in his mouth, lights the wick with a match, puts a lamp chimney over the flame and burns merrily away. On his stand is a lamp half filled with oil. From the can he pours what purports to be oil in the lamp. It is not. It is water, and, of course, the oil already in the lamp floats on top of the water; then he lights the oil to prove what he poured out was oil. He gravely drinks from the oil can, puts a wick saturated with sweet oil in his mouth, lights the wick, and there you are. Very simple, is it not?

Now there is another gentleman who walks on red hot bars, and seizing a horse shoe heated red hot in a forge near by bites the heated ends off and pretends to swallow them. He is not so much of a trickster as the "Human Lamp," and really earns all the money he gets, for although his bare feet are coated with a sulphuric solution and his mouth and lips well plastered with the same, it is real hard work to bite pieces of iron in halves, even if the heat makes them soft and pliable, and if they are kept in the mouth too long, in spite of the film, they are very hot and uncomfortable indeed. This gentleman calls himself St. Elmo, and another part of his performance is to take oakum balls, saturated with blazing pitch, in his mouth, a half dozen in succession, and there you are. Very simple, is it not?

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Drinks from the Slot.

The latest development in the "penny-in-the-slot" system is an automatic coffee tavern now on exhibition at Birmingham. The purchaser drops in his penny and pulls out a knob labeled with the drink he desires. Then, by pressing a tap, he is able to draw the exact quantity.

There are two plated cups for the use of customers, and a second tap gives a constant supply of water for rinsing. Each reservoir of drink holds seven gallons, and tea and coffee are kept hot by an unseen gas burner. The automaton turns the gas out when the reservoir is exhausted, and displays a notice "Empty" in front. Iced drinks are to be sold through the same machines, which can also be utilized for the sale of sandwiches, pies and cakes.—London Times.

He Was Ingenious.

A lazy boy's shirking of tasks does not often result so well as in the case of W. C. Smith, of Round Pound, who has made application for a patent on a milking machine which promises to be a good thing. He got his ideas when a boy living on the "Meadow Flat Stock farm." His parents would send him to milk and he would want to play ball with the other boys, and as he couldn't play ball and milk both at the same time he would put straws in the cow's teats, and they would milk themselves. Afterward he made improvements on this plan which resulted in the milker.—Pennaquid (Me.) Messenger.

A People's Temple.

The project of providing a place for accommodating 100,000 people is being considered in London, England. A proposal is on foot to build a "People's Temple," by covering a space wherein at least 100,000 could assemble for the discussion of topics of public interest. The building is to be made architecturally beautiful, with such arrangements that it can be subdivided when required, so that discussion on many subjects could be going on at the same time.—New York Commercial Appeal.

An Old Custom Killed.

At last they are about to introduce gas into the boys' dormitories at the Rugby school. Up to now candles, stuck in a red zinc candlestick, have been used. Each evening it was the duty of the "fag" for the week to blow out the candle and put the stick outside the door.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Room He Was Born In.

A coincidence in regard to the death of Mr. Furber Fletcher at Portsmouth is the fact that he died in the same room that he was born in. The deceased gentleman was on a visit to that city at the time of his death.—Newburyport Herald.

The Retort Courteous.

Tangle—Do you know how it feels to be kicked by a mule?

Bronson—No, and I hope you don't want to show me.—Epoch.

KICKING HORSE TO HIS FELLOW INDIANS.

Indian Agent McLaughlin has given the Sioux to understand that he will stand no nonsense in regard to the coming of the Messiah. More than a dozen of the red men now lie in the guard house for unseemly conduct, and Kicking Horse, who claims to have just returned from heaven, has been ordered to leave the reservation forever.

Kicking Horse claims to have gone to heaven through a hole in the clouds. He is cunning enough to mix Christian doctrine with his prophetic preaching to make it seem more real. The Great Spirit told Kicking Horse that his children, the Indians, had suffered long enough, and the time had arrived when they would again occupy the earth so long held by the whites, but they must not kill or molest the whites. The Great Spirit said he himself would wipe out the white race from the face of the earth. The Great Spirit told him the earth was getting full of holes, and many places were rotten.

He would gradually send a wave of earth twenty feet or more over the country. It would move slowly. The Indians must keep dancing, so as to keep on top; and when the wave passed all the whites would be buried underneath and the Indians would be on top. All the dead Indians would be restored to life again, and all the buffaloes, horses, game and all their old hunting grounds would be as they were hundreds of years ago, and the Indians would for all time in the future own and occupy this earth. All Indians who would not listen to the words of the prophet and keep dancing would be turned into fishes and occupy the rivers and streams.

He said that while talking to the Great Spirit the devil came to them. He describes the devil as being very tall, with immense knee joints and monster mouth and long teeth. He was covered all over with coarse hair. He asked for half of the people, meaning the Indians. The Great Spirit told him no. He asked again, and the Great Spirit replied, "You can have none of my chosen Indian children, but you can have all the whites."—Standing Rock (N. D.) Tribune.

Strawberries in Alaska.

Alaska has usually been looked upon as a bleak and distant section of Uncle Sam's domain, where the land was mostly water, furnishing seals and salmon, while icebergs and glaciers adorned wonderfully picturesque landscapes and waterscapes, the delight of summer tourists who visit that far northern clime to enjoy a few elongated days.

Among the arrivals in this city yesterday was James Cox, who left here for Chilkat a year ago last April with his family, consisting of his wife and three children. Mr. Cox is quite well pleased with the climate where he was stationed, the temperature seldom dropping to 15 degrees below zero and occasioning no inconvenience. He had quite a nice garden last summer, in which he raised fine vegetables—turnips, beets, carrots, onions and potatoes. He says there is an old half-breed woman at Chilkat mission, a few miles from Chilkat, who has raised potatoes and vegetables for many years past. This last season she experimented with some strawberries, and succeeded in growing some very fine ones.

Astorian.

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A lazy boy's shirking of tasks does not often result so well as in the case of W. C. Smith, of Round Pound, who has made application for a patent on a milking machine which promises to be a good thing. He got his ideas when a boy living on the "Meadow Flat Stock farm."

His parents would send him to milk and he would want to play ball with the other boys, and as he couldn't play ball and milk both at the same time he would put straws in the cow's teats, and they would milk themselves.

Afterward he made improvements on this plan which resulted in the milker.—Pennaquid (Me.) Messenger.

A People's Temple.

The project of providing a place for accommodating 100,000 people is being considered in London, England. A proposal is on foot to build a "People's Temple," by covering a space wherein at least 100,000 could assemble for the discussion of topics of public interest.

The building is to be made architecturally beautiful, with such arrangements that it can be subdivided when required, so that discussion on many subjects could be going on at the same time.—New York Commercial Appeal.

An Old Custom Killed.

At last they are about to introduce gas into the boys' dormitories at the Rugby school. Up to now candles, stuck in a red zinc candlestick, have been used. Each evening it was the duty of the "fag" for the week to blow out the candle and put the stick outside the door.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.